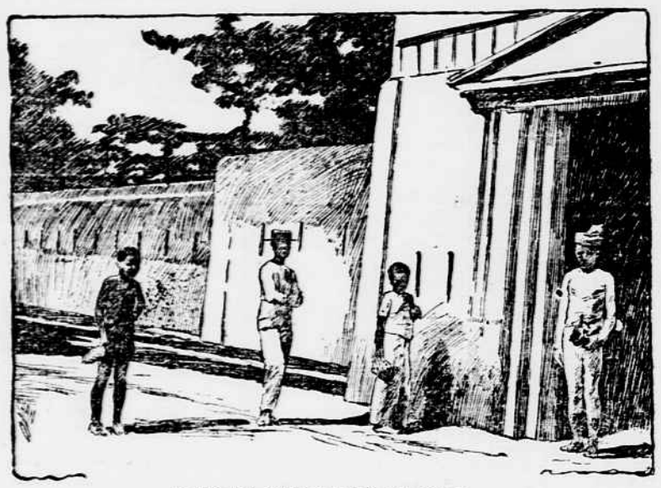


OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF JOLO.

AMONG THE SULUS

Our Mohammedan Archipelago in the Southern Philippines.

WORKING THE PEARL FISHERIES

Early Morning Visit to the Market Place in Jolo.

UNCLE SAM'S HOLDINGS

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

JOLO, Island of Sulu, May 22, 1900.

I am still in the land of the Moros. I have sailed westward from Mindanao, and for the past week have been traveling among the islands of the Sulu archipelago which dot the set in a great crescent from Mindanao to Borneo. There are two hundred of these islands, some mere dots upon the face of the sea; others composed of mountains and plains, covering an area equal to that of several hundred good-sized farms. Some, such as Basilan, Sulu and Tawi Tawi, even approach the dignity of countries, running from ninety-five square miles in Tawi Tawi to three hundred and thirty square miles in Sulu, with Basilan coming between at an area of two hundred and sixty-three square miles.

The Sulu Islands are among the most curious, wild and romantic of our Philippine possessions. They are inhabited chiefly by Moros of the most savage order, governed by dattos, and all subject to the Sultan of Sulu, with whom the government has made a special treaty, giving him a monthly salary from the United States treasury. His rule is such, however, that we have had to place troops at a number of stations throughout the archipelago. The chief garrison is here at Jolo, but there are soldiers also at Siassi, Bongao and Basilan.

Basilan, Siassi and Bongao.

Basilan is only a few hours' ride by boat from Zamboanga. It has a population of something like a thousand or so, and its capital, Isabella, contains about eight hundred inhabitants. It is a beautiful island, with good soil and having mountains covered with timber. The Spaniards used it as a naval station, and built there dockyards, barracks and a hospital.

The Island of Siassi is the most important of the Tapul group, embracing about a score of islands and islets. It is situated about forty miles from Sulu, and its capital, Siassi, vies with Jolo as one of the commercial centers of the archipelago.

The town of Siassi is the only port in the Sulu sea at which steamers can come directly up to the docks. The main street of the town, in fact, is built out over the sea. Its houses are up on posts standing out above the water, and some of the people go from house to house on stilts, stepping from their stilts to the first floor of the houses and leaving them outside until they are ready to depart. The town is very pretty, being well shaded with cocoanut trees and doing a considerable business in copra, sharks' fins and shells. We have a company stationed at this point.

Another company is quartered at Bongao to keep watch over the two dattos who live there and the people of the Tawi Tawi group. This group has about forty islands, the most important being Tawi Tawi, a long oval island ninety-five miles in circumference and about three hundred and eighty-five square miles in area. It is very mountainous, lacks water and has almost no cultivated lands.

The Island of Bongao is a huge rocky mass rising about one thousand feet almost straight up out of the sea. At one end of it there is some low land. This is about Bongao bay, and upon it are the barracks of our soldiers. There is a fort and some other buildings.

It is said that the pirates used Bongao as a resort in the past, it being especially well fitted for defense, and the jungle on the mountain forming a good place for retreat when attacked. Bongao is only a few hours' ride from Borneo.

These islands are all more or less surrounded by pearl fisheries. The chief business is in the shells of the pearl oysters, which are gathered from the bed of the ocean near the islands. There is an English company at Jolo which is shipping quantities of these shells to Europe. They receive from the poorest variety about $700 a ton, with the additional profit which now and then comes from the pearls in the oysters, some of which sell for hundreds of dollars apiece. General Bates told me that when he called on the sultan his majesty offered him a pearl as big as the end of your little finger as a present. He says it was worth about $5,000, but that as he was a government official he did not feel that he had a right to accept it, and hence, to the surprise of the sultan, refused.

The Sultan and His Pearls.

The sultan and the dattos have the right to the largest of the pearls which are gathered by the Moros, and it is said that the sultan has a great fortune in pearls stored away in his palace. A German jeweler called upon him the other day and tried to buy some, but he found his majesty as well posted on values as himself and went away sorrowful. The company which is now doing most of the business is composed of Englishmen. They paid, I am told, something like $25,000 for their fishing outfit, and they have a special arrangement with the sultan. They own about thirty schooners and make regular excursions to the pearl fishing grounds. They use divers who wear diving suits and carry on the business after modern methods. The shells are used in manufacturing knife handles, buttons, paper cutters and other such things.

I am told that not one-tenth of the money made from the fishing comes from the pearls themselves. The shells are the most valuable, the pearls being merely a by-product. This is so, I believe, in all the pearl fishing centers. In the western Australian fisheries, for instance, the returns for the shells in one year were $400,000, while the pearls found during the same time sold for $150,000.

The fishing goes on about the Island of Basilan and in other grounds in the western part of the archipelago, such as at Bongao and Tawi Tawi, as well as in the seas not far from Sulu. The seas have not yet been carefully prospected, however.

Among the Divers.

The method of diving for pearls as followed by the natives is exceedingly simple. They use no diving suits, but go naked into the water, tying heavy stones to their feet to help them sink to the bottom. They usually choose grounds where the pearl oysters are not more than forty feet below the surface. The oysters are attached to the rocks, and the diver cuts them loose with his knife and puts them in a net bag. He then gives the signal by jerking the rope about his waist, and is dragged to the surface.

The Moros are expert divers and swimmers. They have trained themselves to holding their breath under water, and some can remain below the surface for about two minutes at a time. The business is exceedingly dangerous, for there are numerous sharks, and a man is liable to lose a leg or an arm, if not his life.

After the shells are gathered they must be cleaned, and the oysters shucked out before they are ready for sale. They are often piled up on the shore and left there to decay, in order that the pearls may be squeezed out. Not all of the oysters have pearls in them, but a very poor shell may sometimes contain a very fine pearl, so that great care is used in handling the product.

How Pearls Are Formed.

Pearls, you know, are caused by some foreign substance working its way into the flesh of the oyster. It may be a grain of sand, a small pebble or other foreign matter. The oyster tries to protect himself from it by putting a coating of pearl about it, and this coating goes on and on until at last we have a pearl.

Indeed, I am told that pearls are now being made in Japan and China by taking the oysters from the sea and carefully opening them just wide enough to slip a particle of sand between the leaves of the shell. The oysters thus treated are planted and fed and within a short time each begins to grow a pearl. It is said that the French bore holes through the oyster's shell and insert a little silver of glass and about this the oyster grows a pearl.

I have seen something of the pearl fisheries of different parts of the world. Some of the best until recently have been in Ceylon, but more are now being discovered in the Persian gulf, where about $2,000,000 worth are taken out every year. The fishing there is done by naked Arabs, who plug up their noses and ears before they go down into the water, and, like the Moros here, tie great stones to their feet to enable them to remain down the more easily. In Panama the diving is done by the native Colombians. They find both pearls and shells, and some of the shells are exceedingly fine. Not long ago a sea captain made a contract with the natives of Panama bay to clean the barnacles from the bottom of his ship. They did so, and among the shells fastened to the hull found an oyster containing a pearl worth $5,000. The captain claimed that the pearl should be his, but he was not able to persuade the Colombians to give it up.

I am told here that the best pearls come from oysters which are about four years old, and that they range greatly in value according to color and shape. Those which are perfectly round are most prized. The most of the Sulu product consists of small pearls, many seed pearls being found. The largest pearl known to the world is about as big around as an English walnut. It weighs three ounces, but its shape is not a perfect sphere.

I find it very difficult to get much information from the English concerning the pearl industry here. They have succeeded to the business of a Chinese, who evidently found it quite profitable, for he is said to be a millionaire and is one of the richest men of the Philippines. The English evidently have a good thing and prefer to keep the details concerning it secret.

What they pay the Sulian I do not know, but I am told that the Chinese gave him $1,000 a month for the privilege of fishing in the deep waters of the archipelago.

During the past week I have coasted around the Island of Sulu. It is one of the most beautiful of the Philippine group, made up of mountains and valleys covered with rich grass and here and there spotted with forests. From the ships the hills make me think of the mountains of West Virginia rather than the tropics, save that many of the peaks are extinct craters and you can everywhere see that the land is volcanic. The grass appears to be very rich. It grows so luxuriantly that in riding through the country I have often found it above my head when I sat on my pony. The trees on the mountains are large, some of them being of mahogany, teak and other hardwoods. There is but little cultivation anywhere. The island is about ten miles wide and thirty miles long, and the most of it is as wild as it was when the Moros came over from Borneo and took possession of it centuries ago.

The only settlements are the Moro villages, collections of thatched huts which you see here and there along the shore, and this town of Jolo (pronounced Holo), in which I am writing.

Our Sulu Capital.

The town of Jolo has about 1,000 population. It may be called our capital of the Sulu Islands, for it was built by the Spaniards and consequently belongs to Uncle Sam. The town is one of the most beautiful of all the settlements of the Philippine Islands. It is more like a botanical garden than a town. Its wide streets, paved with white sand, cross one another at right angles. They are shaded by great trees, the limbs of which meet and intertwine overhead, making a series of arbors which enable you to walk with safety through them at midday, although you are on the edge of the equator. Here and there through the town are small parks filled with tropical trees and flowers. The city has running water, and ditches have been made through the streets which half circle the trees and irrigate them. The main street ends in a pier running out into the ocean. The upper end of it is a plaza or drill ground, where the soldiers parade morning and evening, and where the band frequently plays.

One of the curious features of the town is its wall. This consists of one thickness of brick built on a concrete base a yard high. It could be easily battered down by a cannon, but it was intended to protect the Spaniards from the lances and arrows of the Moros, and for this reason you see cracks or holes in it at intervals, each crack just wide enough for a gun to be poked through. For the same reason the mortar on top of the wall is filled with broken wine bottles, so placed that they will cut the fingers of any one who tries to climb over.

Jolo has often been in a state of siege, for the Spaniards have had many wars with these Mohammedans. The gates even now are never left open at night, and no more than one hundred Moros are allowed to come into the town at a time. The Spaniards restricted the Moros to certain limits outside the town. They had a dead line over which if a Moro stepped he was sure to be shot by their sentries.

Uncle Sam's Property.

Uncle Sam has a limited title to the lands of the Sulu archipelago. He does not own property here as in other parts of the Philippines, his title being limited by the treaty made with the sultan. He succeeds, however, to all that the Spaniards owned. This consisted of a number of towns scattered over the island, which were used as military posts. He owns here not only Jolo inside the wall, but the land for a radius of about a mile around the town. This line is marked out by block houses, in each of which our soldiers are now quartered, and the Moros are not permitted to settle

In the Market.

inside the radius. The circle contains excellent land, and in the growth which Jolo will have through the development of the agricultural resources of the Island of Sulu it will be worth a great deal for building lots, as it comprises the only section upon which more houses can be built.

The buildings of Jolo are nearly all of two stories, each having a shop on the ground floor and living quarters above it. The oyster shell window, common to the north, is used here, and the architecture is about the same style as that of the better houses of Luzon. There are large barracks for the soldiers, a well-constructed fort, so that the troops are quite as comfortably quartered as they could be at home.

The business of the town is done almost altogether by the Chinese, there being only one Moro merchant in the whole town.

Early Morning at Jolo.

One of the queerest places in Jolo is the market. It is largely patronized by the Moros, who are the chief peddlers and market sellers. The business begins at 6 o'clock in the morning and it ends before 9. It begins at 6 because the gates are not open before that time. I got up at 5:45 yesterday morning to see the crowd of market people enter the city. The sentinels were pacing the streets. There were two soldiers at the gate, and in front of the gate itself, under the tower which rises above it, two other soldiers were sleeping in their hammocks. The town was quiet. I could hear only the barking of a dog, the crowing of cocks, and the snoring of the soldiers. I crawled under a hammock and mounted the steps of the tower, and from its window looked down outside of the wall.

Below me stood as motley a crowd as you will find in any part of the world. The only one I have seen which will compare with it is that which gathers at the gates of the capital of Corea on market mornings. There the crowd was of yellow-faced, almond-eyed mortals, dressed in white gowns. Here the people are dark-faced, straight-eyed, half-naked Malays. Stand with me on the tower and let us look at them together. There is a Moro with a half a dozen chickens. He is clad in a jacket and dirty white drawers, but he wears a white turban and has a gorgeous red belt at the waist. Beside him stands a black-faced boy in a breech cloth. He has six green cocoanuts fastened to each end of that pole, which rests upon his shoulders; he is bringing them to the market for sale. Further over are two Moro women, half hiding their faces. They have red cotton cloths wrapped about their lean persons. They are barefooted and almost barelegged, and you fear that the wind will blow off their gowns. Each has a basket of vegetables on her head, which she balances there without touching it, waiting for the gate to open. In the same crowd there are pigtailed Chinese, carrying baskets of lettuce and vegetables on poles. There are Mohammedans with bunches of oranges and Moro boys loaded down with bananas, durien and bread fruit. What a variety of hats. Here is one just below us, which is as big as a parasol, and by its side, hiding the head of a woman, is another the size of a soup plate.

But there! The bugle sounds! The crowd wakes up, as it were. The gates open and all rush for the market.

Queer Market Scenes.

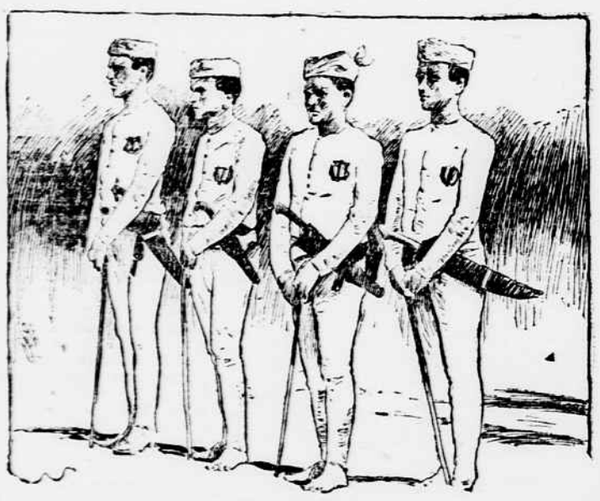
Let us follow and see how they buy and sell down here in our Mohammedan land on the edge of the tropics. We are in a low building consisting of walls of stalls about a hollow square. But few of the stalls are in use; the most of the peddlers have squatted down on their heels in two long rows, facing each other, with their wares in front of them spread out on the ground. Some have laid green banana leaves on the sand of the court and upon them have placed little piles of eggs, fruit, betel nuts and vegetables of various kinds, while others have laid their wares in the dirt. All are chewing the betel or smoking as they wait for their customers.

Can These Be American Citizens?

Cast your eyes up and down through the market. Could you ever conceive such people as American citizens? They are more fantastic and savage than you ever imagined. Let us notice them as they squat down before us. Here, under our feet, is a dark-faced woman with hair like a negress. Her dress consists of a dirty brown cotton cloth as big as a sheet, which she has so loosely wrapped around her shoulders that it has fallen down. She has a rag about the waist which barely reaches her knees. Her face shows little intelligence. The eyes are bleared and down the corners of her mouth are streaks of the blood-like stain of the betel. She opens her lips and you see that her teeth are as black as your boots. She is as dirty and ugly as any old woman of the African wilds. As I look at is as dirty and ugly as any old woman of the African wilds, and it makes one almost gag to think her his sister. As I look at her she sees my note book and begins to primp, combing up her wool and drawing in her dirty brown rags over her bosom.

Further on are more women of the same class, although some are better dressed, and not a few are quite clean. All are chewing the betel, and every woman and man has a cigar in her or his mouth. The men are by far the best dressed. Many of them wear tight pantaloons of bright colors. Some have red sashes and all turbans more or less gay. Some wear red fez caps, such as you see in Egypt.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.



JOLO POLICE.

CLEARING THE NILE.

The Work of Removing the "Sudd" That Obstructs Navigation.

From the London Graphic.

We are permitted to publish the following letter from a young naval officer engaged in removing sudd on the Nile:

Gunboat Hafir,
In the Sudd, Bahr-el-Gebel.

We are at work on the third block now. The first block was 1,100 yards long and took four days to clear. The second block was 1,260 yards and took twelve days to get a channel through it. This one is about 800 yards and has already taken twelve days and will take another five or six. There is a cataract in it, most weird. The river has a fall of about four-fifths of a foot, and there is one very narrow channel at the other end of the block, where the water rushes through at the rate of ten miles an hour, making a regular little cataract, which, I think, will disappear as we clear away the sudd. The fourth block is about fifteen miles south of this, and there are ten blocks altogether. We hope to get through in April.' Then we shall probably go in a procession with our five steamers—one we shall find at the other end of the blocks, which Gaze left there—and go on to Gondokoro, passing Shambe, Bor and some place which the Belgians have, Fort Berkeley, where Gaze came from. It will be very interesting, won't it, getting into Central Africa like that?

I wish that I could explain nicely what the river is like. When one arrives at a block it is very curious. All of a sudden the river ceases to be. Nothing but an exquisite greenness of tall papyrus about fourteen feet high entwined with convolvulus, the hippos and crocodiles disporting themselves and numerous wonderful birds. Elephants, giraffes and lions occasionally seen and shot. Fine warm weather in the day time, but this block is very damp of an evening.

Our routine is as follows: Up to 5:30 a.m., tea and start work, stopping from 8 a.m. to 9; work from 9 to 1 p.m., stop till 2:15; then work on until after sunset, when comes the best part of the day. We collect and yarn about the day's work and the future, etc., take our quinine pills and whisky and soda, then bathe and dress. Funny time of the day to dress, isn't it? After dinner one isn't fit for much except bed, to which we lonesomely and solemnly adjourn. Ten hours a day, seven days a week, out of the way of the world, all by our little selves! Dervish prisoners and Egyptian artillerymen do the work. Major Peake of the R. A. is in command of the party, then we three do the brunt of the work up at the front. There is a Captain Stewart, a so of the R. A., and a doctor down at the base, where all the wood for the steamers is cut. We had two other army officers up here, but one has just left to go out to South Africa and the other has been appointed inspector of Berber. Peake is rather lucky in having three naval officers—not wishing to boast—but I think it would take much longer if we weren't here, for the work is more in our line—playing about with wire hawsers, capstans, etc.

Some parts of this block are very stiff. We have broken wire hawsers and even chain cables in trying to get away some of the sudd. I have just read a leader in the Morning Post of December 7, re the sudd, which I inclose in case you haven't seen it, so you will see what they think of the "stupendous" task before us! As a matter of fact, we can do it easily on £10,000.

Now, as to how we do it. On arriving at a block we tie up the steamer and set everything on fire, then cut down all the dead papyrus, etc., which is on the sudd until it soon looks like a very rough field. Then this "field" is dug into small sections four or five yards square; the trenches are dug to about two feet under water, the sudd itself is one, two or three feet above water and from six to ten underneath. Next we put pieces of wood round our section (cut up telegraph poles), fix a wire hawser round the section shoved well down in the trenches and behind the posts, and bring the two ends on the steamer. The steamer then backs astern and eventually pulls out the section, which floats down stream. The wire is got inboard again, the poles recovered and the steamer proceeds for another section. The force and jerk which the steamer brings on the wire sever the roots of the section underneath from the others—or, at least, sometimes does. That's the idea.

February 8, 1900.—We got through this block on the 6th, having been eighteen days at it, but there is a lot to be done yet to finish. Today is a holiday, the first one for a month. The other boat up here has gone on to view the fourth block, fifteen miles off. When we get through all the sudd we are going on south in a procession as far as we can go, which may be a little south of Gondokoro (pronounced Gondockoro), but then between that and the lake are some rapids, which, I am sorry to say, we shall not be able to pass. We are in hopes of getting back to Khartoum in May.

February 9, 1900.—The Tawal, which went on to the fourth block yesterday, returned in the evening with the good news that the alteration in the river caused by our opening the third block had broken adrift the fourth block, which has been coming down the river in pieces, so she went on to the fifth block, thirty miles from here, which they report is about 600 yards long, fairly easy and that one has also started breaking up.

February 16, 1900.—I am now by myself at the fifth block, getting along very well at it. As is our usual custom at each block, we turned up a dead crocodile, which the dervishes wanted to eat, but as he was so very offensive I couldn't allow it. One of the seamen of one of the barges died the other night in a most extraordinary manner. He went to sleep in one of the holds and was suffocated. We have lost about twenty-five dervishes so far, which is not to be wondered at, considering the state they were in when they came up here—a lot of them had chicken pox, too.

A young fellow, Progan by name, was suddenly discovered one day by our doctor while he was out shooting up the Bahr-el-Zeraf. He has done a really remarkable performance, having walked here the whole way from Uganda with only six men—in fact, he originally came from the Cape, so I should think will be the first man to do the little journey, Cape to Cairo! No one was more surprised, and I expect pleased, than he to find our party up here ready to give him a lift down to Cairo. Steamer arrives tomorrow and takes mail, so farewell.

Fortunate.

From Puck.

Census Man—"Are you married?"

Happy Dad—"You bet!"

Census Man—"Have you any family?"

Happy Dad—"Yes, siree! And, say! It's awful lucky you came today instead of yesterday!"

Census Man—"Eh? Why?"

Happy Dad—"'Cause I hadn't any yesterday."

AMERICA.

Oh, mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years.
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet;
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own summer sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not in their hate and pride
What virtues with thy children bide;
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;
What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen;

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the west;
How faith is kept and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared
In woodland homes;
And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates and rest
For earth's down-trodden and oppress,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.
Power at thy bounds
Stops and calls back its baffled hounds.

Oh, fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of the skies
The throngings years in glory rise,
And as they fleet
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy frown shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

OUR ARMS IN CHINA

This is Not the First Time We Have Come to Blows.

TO TEACH RESPECT FOR OUR FLAG

Story of the Attack on the Forts Below Canton

OVER FORTY YEARS AGO

Written for The Evening Star.

The present conflict with China is the second time in the history of our intercourse with the flowery kingdom that we have had to resort to force of arms to compel the arrogant celestials to honor our flag and to impress upon them our determination to guard the treaty rights of our citizens resident there.

The story of that other time is a tale of the '50's, when our wooden walls—mostly sailing ones at that—upheld the dignity of Old Glory in the far east and the other out-of-the-way corners of the globe.

Toward the end of October of '56 the strife between the British and the Chinese at Canton had become so acute that it became necessary to safeguard our citizens and consul at that place by the detail of a guard of marines and bluejackets, and on the 23d of that month Capt. A. H. Foote of the U. S. S. Portsmouth, then lying at Whampoa anchorage, a dozen miles below Canton, took four of his boats, a howitzer and an armed force of eighty men and rowed up to the city. A couple of days later Capt. Smith of the U. S. S. Levant, just arrived, brought up an additional force of sixty-nine.

Starting the Trouble.

On the 29th of October the British landed an assaulting party, which was unfortunately accompanied by a few enthusiastic American citizens who incautiously planted our flag upon the city walls. That was the beginning of our trouble, or, rather, that was Imperial Chinese Commissioner Yeh's justification for the action of the Barrier forts some days later, and was incidentally, so this wily oriental implied, why the American steamer Kum Fa, while going through the Macao passage about this time, was fired upon by one of the forts.

On the afternoon of the 15th of November, after a consultation at Whampoa with Commodore James Armstrong—who had just arrived in the U. S. steamer San Jacinto—Captain Foote was fired upon by one of the Barrier forts as he was on his way back to Canton to direct the removal of the American guard. Grape and round shot were fired at the boat five times, but fortunately without doing any damage. The Barrier forts, situated about five miles below the city, formed the main defense of the town and were deemed the key to the approach, and, in the eyes of the Chinese, were looked upon as the most formidable works in the empire. They were four in number and mounted no fewer than 176 guns, many of them being pieces of 8 and 10.5-inch caliber, while the river walls were massive granite structures six and eight feet thick.

Active Preparations.

The channel of the Pearl river at the point of the forts was narrow and tortuous and the current decidedly swift. At once Commodore Armstrong dispatched Commanders Foote and Bell—the latter commanding the San Jacinto—in search of steamers to tow the Portsmouth and the Levant off the forts to redress the outrage upon our flag, the San Jacinto drawing too much water to get beyond Whampoa.

At daylight next morning, the 16th of November, the Kum Fa, without molestation, proceeded up to Canton to bring back the marines, seamen, launches and howitzers belonging to the San Jacinto and the Portsmouth. In the meantime, Lieutenant Willamson of the San Jacinto in a cutter with an armed crew, and accompanied by a pilot, was sent to sound out the channel up to the forts. At noon the lieutenant returned, reporting that he had sounded to within less than half a mile of the forts when he was fired upon three times, and Edward Mullen, his coxswain, was killed while in the act of heaving the lead.

The Kum Fa succeeded in bringing down the larger part of the guard from Canton without mishap, the rest being left at the consulate under Commander Smith of the Levant.

Hot Work Ahead.

All of the crew of the San Jacinto that could be spared were distributed between the Portsmouth and the Levant, and Commander Bell, in the absence of Commander Smith, was detailed to assume command of the latter vessel. Commodore Armstrong, accompanied by the fleet surgeon, repaired to the Portsmouth, on which ship the commodore hoisted his broad pennant.

With everything snug above, and with their royals and topgallantmasts sent down, the ships left their anchorage after the men had finished their dinner and everything been done to prepare the ships for the hot work cut out for them. It takes no very vivid imagination to picture the odds those thin wooden walls were going to face in attacking four strong masonry forts armed with more than five times the number of guns the vessels bore.

The Good Old Portsmouth.

The old Portsmouth, in tow of the American steamer Williamette, headed the procession, with the little Kum Fa bringing up behind with the Levant in tow. Before coming in range the Levant grounded and so remained until after nightfall. In the meantime, the Portsmouth kept steadily on her way alone up the Whampoa channel, and when within 500 yards of the nearest fort—it being about 4:20 p.m.—anchored and swung into position to shell those defenses. Some time before the Portsmouth came to anchor the forts opened a brisk and well-directed fire—the exceptional accuracy was subsequently explained by the presence in the fort of some 120 disciplined Chinese sailors lately discharged from a European man-of-war. It was not until the chips began to fly that the old ship opened up upon the enemy, and then for nearly three hours she kept up so rapid and continuous a shell fire that the nearest fort was silenced and the rest of them were attacking but feebly when night closed in. The coolness of Captain Curry, the merchant skipper of the Williamette, won the unstinted praise of all. Without any means of defense or retaliation he steamed boldly up stream at the head of the line, never faltering a moment, and "cast off" from the Portsmouth only when the ship had come to anchor under a very heavy fire. For the whole of that afternoon the Portsmouth stood the attack alone, but the men that manned her guns were fearless, and the tale of carnage their guns told in that fort was something fearful. Shell after shell from her big eight-inch guns tore away great masses of masonry, dismounted the enemy's guns and slaughtered whole gun's crews at a time. Each discharge made the old ship tremble as with rage from keel to truck, but each shell shook the enemy more. Six times the good ship was hulled, but not dangerously, one shot coming in through the stern, wrecking a portion of the captain's cabin and mortally wounding one of the marine guard just as the vessel unfortunately swung in a position to be raked. The enemy fired grape shot and round shot, but no shell, and it is to their lack of the latter that the Portsmouth owed her survival. The frightful pounding the good ship gave that nearest fort, which had a battery of fifty-three pieces—paved the way for the wholesale success that followed and so demoralized the natives that they were never again able to put up the same defense.

Ready for the Morrow.

Darkness came upon a wearied but happy crew on the Portsmouth. During the night the Levant was pulled back into the channel and brought up where her guns could bear on the morrow, and, later, to take her share of the pounding, too.

The next day, November 17, the Portsmouth grounded, but the lesson she had given the Chinese the day before made them hesitate to take advantage of her position, and, showing no disposition to resume the attack, Commodore Armstrong concluded the authorities to be in a mood to sue for peace, and, accordingly, began correspondence with the wily Yeh. On the evening of this day Commander Smith returned with the last of guard at Canton, and resumed command of his ship, the Levant.

Three days of "diplomatic" quibbling passed. On the 20th the Chinese being detected in strengthening their defenses and preparing for a stout resistance, Captain Foote determined to take the initiative and to storm the enemy's forts.

At 6:50 on the morning of that day both ships being in position and in all respects ready for action, the vessels beat to quarters and simultaneously opened on the two nearest forts. After an interval of five minutes the fire was briskly returned and so continued until 7:45, when it materially slackened.

Capture of a Fort.

A storming party, consisting of 287 persons, officers, seamen and marines, with four howitzers, under the command of Captain Foote, Commanders Bell and Smith leading, respectively, the detachments from their ships, was formed under the shelter of the Portsmouth. The party pulled for the shore in three columns, the marines being most efficiently led by Captain Simms of that corps. While landing, two apprentice boys were killed by the accidental discharge of a rifle. The party formed and marched toward the rear of the fort, dragging the three howitzers with them across the deep mud of the rice fields, and wading a creek waist deep. In order to attack the enemy from his weak side it was necessary to pass through a village offering some resistance until the howitzers cleared the streets and secured an unobstructed advance. When near the fort the soldiers were seen fleeing from it, many swimming for the opposite shore. The marines being in advance, opened upon the fugitives, killing from forty to fifty of them, and a few moments later the stars and stripes were planted on the walls. The fort opposite, now brought an energetic fire to bear upon the captured battery, but the attack was soon silenced after turning this captive ordnance upon them—not, however, before one of our own men had been killed by the bursting of one of the Chinese guns.

The city of Canton being only four or five miles distant, a portion of its army, variously estimated from 5,000 to 15,000 strong, and creditably estimated at fully 3,000, was quite near. They twice advanced, but were both times repulsed by the marines, losing ten or a dozen killed, and as they were retreating a deadly fire was opened upon them from one of the howitzers. One of the howitzers' crews was wounded in the leg.

Again night closed the action, and a small portion of the force withdrawn, while the rest remained to guard the captured works till morning.

Resuming the Battle.

At 3 a.m. the next day, the 21st, an eight-inch shot from one of the forts struck the Portsmouth and lodged in the bends. This was instantly returned by three of her shells and the fort was silenced. At 4 a.m. the commander of the San Jacinto, with the force with which he had occupied the captured fort during the night, embarked and returned to the ships. After a rest of two hours, both ships opened fire on the three remaining forts, which was returned at first with considerable spirit. During this action a seaman on the Levant was mortally wounded. The fort nearest the ships having been silenced, at 7 o'clock the boats, in tow of the Kum Fa, left the ships and started for the attack. While passing the barrier a ricochet sixty-four-pounder shot from the farthest fort struck one of the boats, completely raking it and instantly killing one man, mortally wounding two others and injuring more or less severely seven more. The steamer stood on with the boats in tow till they were covered by an intervening neck of land. After wading a ditch waist deep and receiving several shots from gingals and rockets—one of the latter mortally wounding a marine—the fort was carried in the presence of a thousand or more Chinese soldiers, drawn up just beyond howitzer range. A corporal of marines—the color bearer of his company—planted the flag upon the walls. Several of the guns of this fort, supplemented by the navy howitzers, were brought to bear upon the central fort commanding the river, which had opened upon the victors. It was soon silenced. The other guns in the fort—altogether forty-one in number—were spiked, their carriages burned and everything destructible destroyed.

Bravery of Our Men.

At 4 p.m. the marines, advancing along the bank of the river, captured a breastwork, mounting six guns. A party of Chinese soldiers, several hundred in number, advanced toward them, but were soon repulsed by two companies of sailors led by their lieutenant. In the meantime one of the howitzers was brought to bear upon a still greater force, which was dispersed with considerable loss—how much could not be told, for they carried their dead and wounded away. The boats, under fire from the opposite side of the river, had been tracked up to the breastwork taken by the marines, and now, under cover of these newly won guns and those of the fort just taken, crossed to the island and took possession of its fort containing thirty-eight guns, one of which was a monster brass affair of eight and one-half-inch caliber and twenty-two feet five inches in length. It was this gun, no doubt, that hurled its shot in the heavy bends of the Portsmouth. Again the standard bearer of the marines was the first to plant the colors on the captured walls. Everything that could be destroyed was demolished, and only one more fort now remained to be silenced and captured. This fort, on the Canton side of the river, then opened fire upon the last fort taken, but the guns of that fort, together with those murderous howitzers, brought it to silence after half an hour's fire. It was now quite dark, so it was deemed expedient to defer the final assault on this last fort until morning. During the night the enemy made active preparations for a vigorous resistance.

Saturday's Operations.

The following morning, Saturday, November 22, all hands were called at 4 o'clock, and arrangements made preparatory to the attack "in front" on the fourth and last fort. At early daylight, everything being in readiness, the first lieutenant of the San Jacinto, who had been left in charge of the third fort captured, was directed to fire a single howitzer for the purpose of drawing the enemy's fire, and, as that did not succeed, another shot was fired with no better result. Three howitzers were now left in this fort to cover the landing and to prevent the enemy from working the guns bearing upon the point which the landing party was to double before crossing the river. One launch, with its howitzer, preceded, the other boats following in three columns as at the landing two days before.

As soon as we came in sight of the fort, the howitzers behind us commenced playing briskly to divert the enemy's fire from the boats. But from the moment the flotilla cleared the point and during the time intervening until it could come within musket range, the enemy's guns were hot in their attack upon the assaulting party despite the rapid and effective fire of the howitzers on the fort opposite. Round shot, grape shot and the shot from gingals struck all around and passed closely overhead, but by great good fortune did no damage, though so long and spiritedly continued. As the boats could not be brought close to shore, the men, with three hearty cheers, jumped into the water waist deep, formed and carried the works with a rush, reaching them in time to fire upon the last of the retreating foe, and in time to cut the burning slow match leading to the loaded guns which the Chinese had carefully trained upon our boats before fleeing. A lieutenant of the Portsmouth was the first to enter the fort, and her boatswain's mate planted old glory on the walls. This fort contained thirty-eight guns; and here, too, everything was demolished that could be with the means then at hand.

As a final effort, the Chinese made an attack in force and attempted to scale with ladders the rear of the last fort, but were successfully repulsed.

The ships received forty-nine shots in hull and rigging during the engagements of the 16th, 20th and 21st, the Portsmouth twenty-seven and the Levant twenty-two, the Levant having been brought so near the forts that she received the hottest of their fire on the last two days.

Losses on Both Sides.

The American loss was seven killed and twenty-two wounded in action, while three others were instantly killed and nine more wounded by the premature explosion of a mine while demolishing the heavy walls of the forts' river facings after the fight. The Chinese authorities give their loss at 500, and that is not to be wondered at in the face of the terrible shelling they received from the ships.

The gallantry of the marine, the courage of the seamen and fine service performed by the American merchantmen that volunteered their services are especially commended by Commodore Armstrong, while of the howitzers Captain Foote says: "They contributed greatly, I might almost say secured the success of the expedition, not only by their destructive qualities, but by the fear which their appearance inspired among the enemy the moment they came within their range."

After some futile efforts to obtain an acknowledgment of wrongdoing from the imperial commissioner, Yeh, and an unequivocal avowal of rightful dealing in the future, Commodore Armstrong was obliged to content himself finally with the knowledge of the work he had accomplished upon the forts and with a few oily phrases from the very slick Yeh.

Thus ended our first war with China—a war that did a vast deal to raise the prestige of our flag in the far east and to aid later in bringing us in direct official touch with the person of the emperor—a recognition for many years deemed too good for the foreign barbarian.

Courage Appreciated.

Lionel Phillips, in the Contemporary Review.

I do not share the opinion of those who believe that after the war the bitterness of feeling will be greater than it has been in the past. On the contrary, the mutual respect which has to some extent been established by the bravery displayed on both sides will make Englishmen and Dutchmen in the future regard each other with less disfavor. Just after the war in 1881 I had to travel through the Transvaal, and it was impossible to come within hailing distance of a Boer farm without being called a verrot el (rotten egg). That was the estimate of British subjects held by the Boers as a result of peace being concluded the face of defeat in our own territory of Natal. The destruction of the ideal which Great Britain has permitted to dwell in their minds, and the settlement of a number of Englishmen in different parts of the country, coupled with the influence which good government and improved trade carry with them, will gradually bring about a better feeling.

The common subject of conversation with the Boers in the past has been the shooting of rooineks (Englishmen), and it was not at all an uncommon practice for a farmer to show a visitor a Martini-Henry rifle and expatiate on the number of roolbaatjes (soldiers) it had slain. The disgrace of Majuba will no longer trouble Englishmen, nor be a subject upon which the Boers will care to dwell. The whole population will have something else to think of, and the intercourse between the two races, which must gradually increase, will tend to soften existing animosities. Nature has been particularly bountiful in her gifts to South Africa, and when the white population is united, which is only a question of time, that country, under an honest and intelligent government, which makes a study of and ministers to its requirements, should become one of the most powerful and loyal of British dependencies.

Whisky in Stockings.

From the Philadelphia Times.

"The liquor habit is decreasing among the men, but it is increasing among women," said Mrs. Leonora M. Lake in a lecture on temperance delivered recently in St. Paul. Mrs. Lake spoke for over an hour, her subject being "Why I Am a Total Abstainer."

The lecturer stated that one reason why more men were total abstainers now was because their business interests demanded it. Many business concerns refused to employ a man unless they had sufficient proof that he never touched liquor in any form. On the other hand, many firms that employ women complain, said Mrs. Lake, that their employes bring liquor to their work with them. A man at the head of a large factory informed the lecturer that it was not uncommon for girls to bring bottles of whisky with them to the factory hidden away in their stockings.

Policeman—"'Ear, clear this out of the way."
Little Girl—"Garn with yer! You was in one o' them yerself once."—Punch.